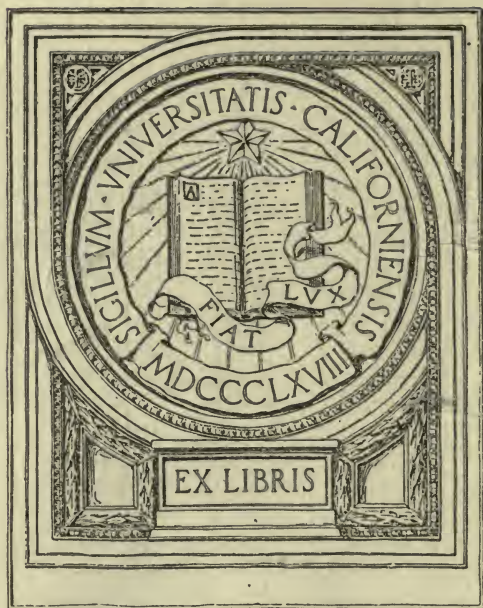


UC-NRLF

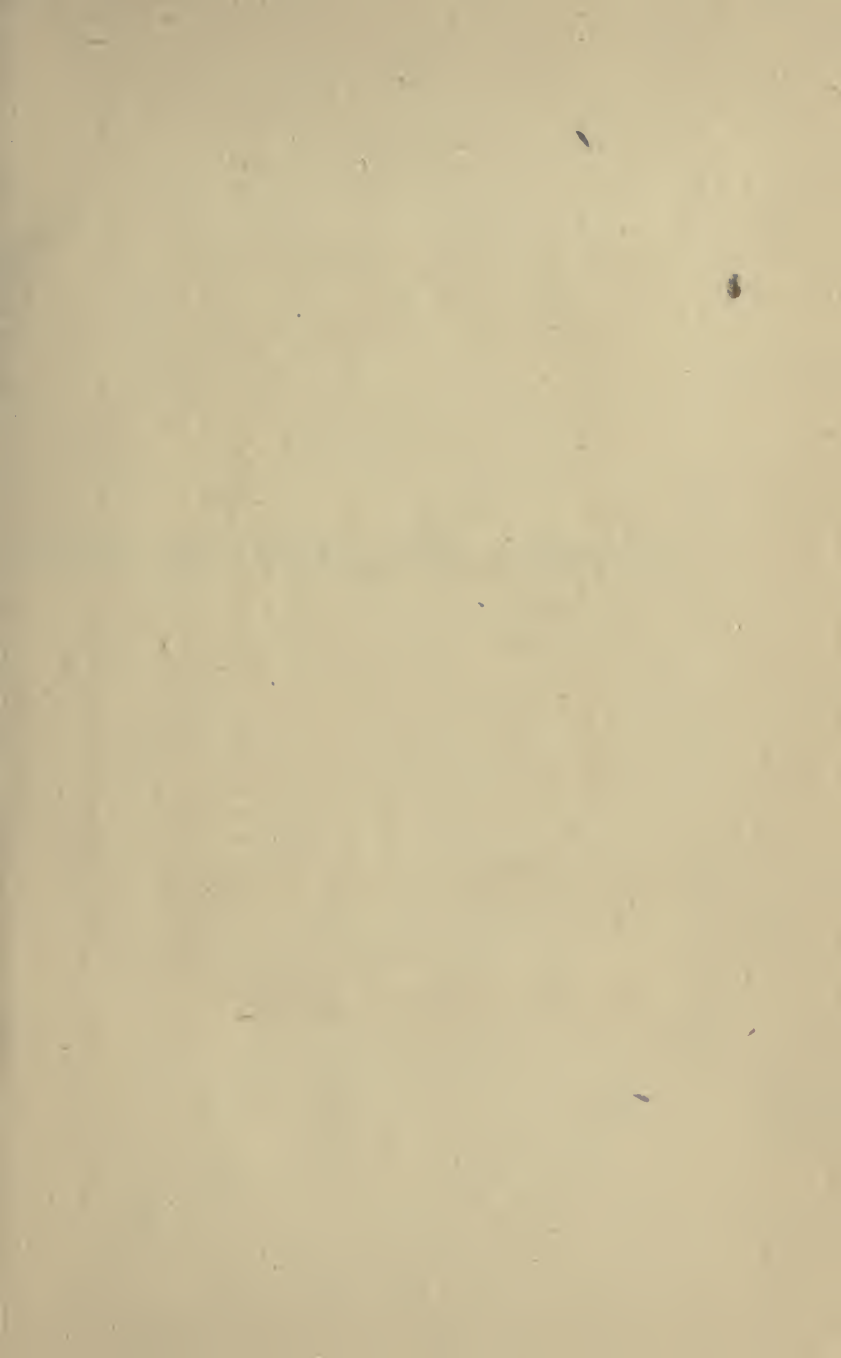


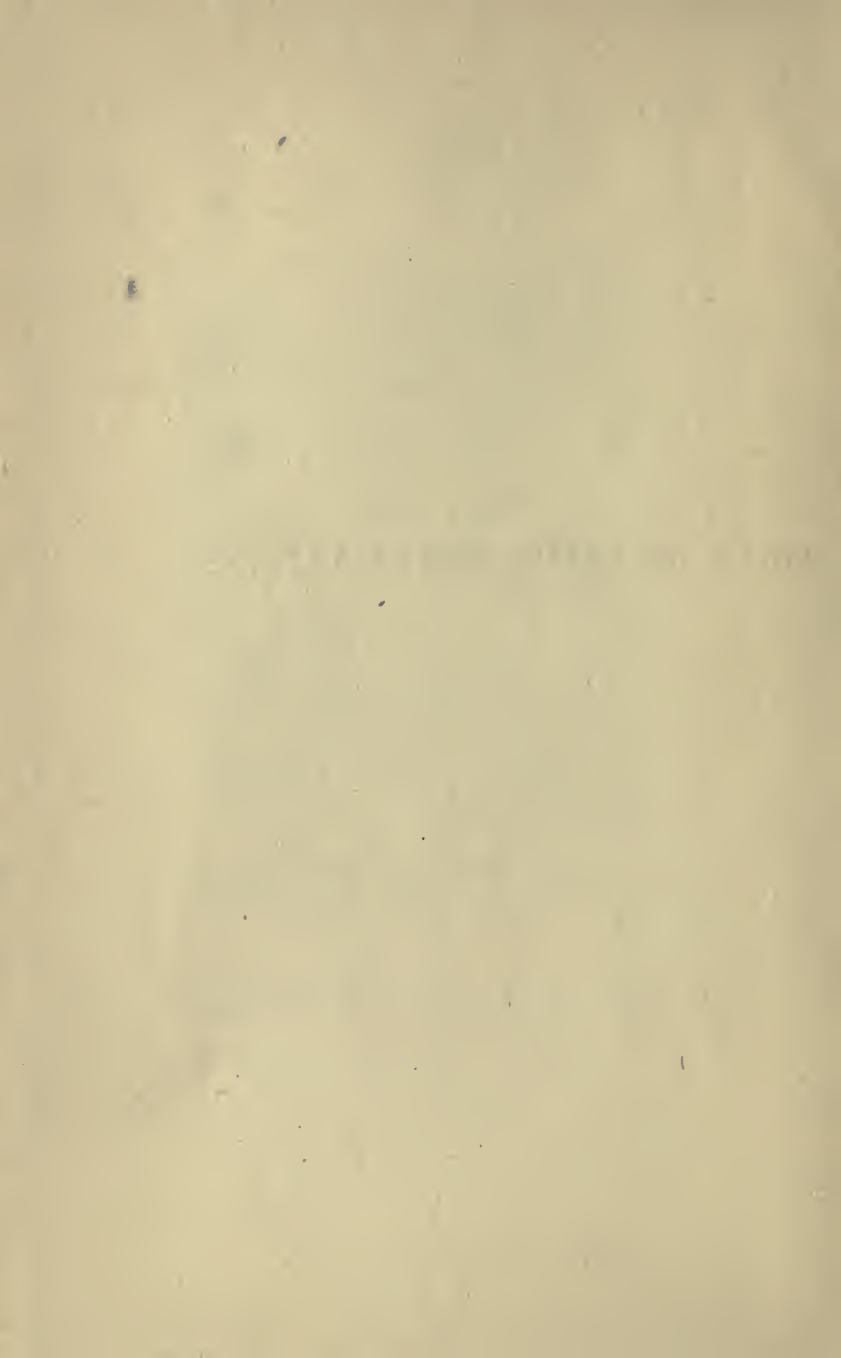
\$B 297 998

YB 31245



959
B2553
S





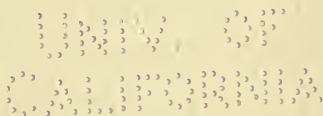
SONGS IN CITIES AND GARDENS

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Songs in Cities and Gardens

BY

HELEN GRANVILLE BARKER



LONDON

Chatto & Windus

1919

PART I
SONGS IN GARDENS

446754



CONTENTS

PART I.—SONGS IN GARDENS

	PAGE
THE PRINCESS'S GARDEN	11
THE NARROW GLASS	13
TO SNOW	14
ARACELI	15
THE GARDEN ON THE HILL	16
THE BRIDES	17
THE WAYFARER	18
THE PLAYMATE	19
THE ADORNING	20
OCTOBER	21
LOST GARDENS	22
THE OWLS	23
ON THE RIVER	24
SONGS OF THE RAIN AND THE WIND	25
THE WELL OF TRUTH	27
IN WINTER	28
THE STAR	28
THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN	29
TERESA	30
THE UNSEEN GARDEN	31
SNOW IN MAY	32

	PAGE
THE POET	33
IN THE WILDERNESS	34
LAND	36
CECILIA	36
THE MIRROR	37
THE ORCHARD	37
DISTANT GARDENS	38
THE DOLL	40
NOVEMBER FLOWERS	41
THE CAPTIVE BUTTERFLY	42
A PRAYER FOR ESTHER	43
UNITY	44
LAURA AND I IN A MEADOW	45
A SPANISH GIRL'S LOVE SONG	45
MYRA	46
THE LAST HOUR	47
CONFESSION	48

PART II.—SONGS IN CITIES

THE HOUSE	51
THE PORTRAIT	52
THE GENET	53
THE TWO OLD GRANDFATHERS	54
NIGHT AND THE CURTAINS DRAWN	56
MIDNIGHT	57
BEYOND KNOWLEDGE	58
HESTER	59
LOVE	60
A MAN SPEAKS	61
A LIFETIME	62

	PAGE
THE CANARY	63
OLD AGE	64
THE ARTIST	65
THE INSTRUMENT	66
IN SPAIN	67
INSPIRATION	69
LOVERS	70
TWILIGHT	71
THE NEW PARRAKEET	72
THE CAT	73
THE NURSE	74
TO AN OLD FRIEND	75
THE CLOSED ACCOUNT	76
TO FIRE	77
AUDREY	79
THE OLD AGE OF GERALDINE	80
THE STRANGER IN THE CITY	81
THE STATUE	82
NEW YORK	84
THE MANDOLIN	85
AMBITION	86
IRIS	88
HARVEST OF DREAMS	90
CELIA	91
THE STAR SAPPHIRE	91
A PRAYER	92

THE PRINCESS'S GARDEN

PRINCESS, there are lilies in your garden,
Stately lilies, white as candles burning,
Roses, and the yellow helianthus,
Restless, toward the sun forever turning.

Down the blue-tiled walks your feet may wander,
Where the rose-beaked parrots lean and listen,
Where the fountains plash in marble basins
And the fragrant water-lilies glisten.

Shade is cool for you and moons are golden;
Tropic flowers for your delight are planted;
Song birds, hidden in the tangled thickets,
Fill the air with melodies enchanted.

THE PRINCESS

I would give my parrakeets and roses,
All my lilies, all my silver fountains,
All my blue-tiled walks and hidden song-birds,
All the exotic flowers from fields and moun-
tains,

For one wild grape spray that grows untended
Quite beyond your ken, oh cunning warden;
For one wild grape spray — that's swaying
lightly
Just outside the wall that ends my garden.

THE NARROW GLASS

FROM out my bed, no park nor grass
I saw, nor shore, nor neighbouring hall;
But, facing, on the panelled wall
There hung a narrow looking-glass.

In long-forgotten days it knew
The transient shades that bore my name;
Upon its antiquated frame
Two crested wrens were done in blue.

At early dawn, reflected pale,
A strip of far-off Sound shone bright,
And oftentimes, from left to right,
There passed a little, rosy sail,

Which I, just waked, in drowsy ease,
Would watch with wonderment, as if
I looked upon some fairy skiff,
Afloat on legendary seas.

TO SNOW

STRANGE divinity of snow,
Eager other worlds to know,
Spotless spirit, not of earth,
What wild power invoked thy birth?

Wind-blown from the clouds on high,
Alien from the brooding sky,
Thou descendest, silent, free,
Visitant of mystery.

Thou hast known, untouched by bliss,
Radiant dawns with rose-flushed kiss,
Passion of the moons that waned
Left thee pallid but unstained.

From the naked trees down cast,
Stirred within the icy blast,
Subtle shadows, fair, untrue,
Woo thee with ethereal blue.

All the stars to thee have told
Rapture of eternal cold,
All the silent, ice-bound streams
Made thee keeper of their dreams.

Phantom victor over all
Robed in white, resplendent pall.
Mighty in thy shining power,
Dazzling vision of an hour.

None thy mystery may know,
As thou camest thou must go.
Fading god, by earth outworn,
So in mist to heaven upborne.

ARACELI

IN golden Spain I learned to love,
To iron England then I came;
And, lost within the shuffling crowd,
I never speak that Southern name.

O Araceli ! (Heaven's high place)—
Too sad I've grown for names like these:
They bring me dreams of Seville's courts,
Blue fountains, birds and orange trees.

THE GARDEN ON THE HILL

ARE there still roses
In the garden on the hill ?
Is the West wind blowing still
Through daisies and asters ?

Has a frost blackened
All the heliotrope's deep blue ?
Or are borders where it grew
Still heavy with fragrance ?

By the sheltering wall
Does a tall delphinium lean
To the dial on the green,
Where suns write in passing ?

Is a nightingale's song
Heard before the break of dawn
From the cypress on the lawn,
Till the wood-pigeons waken ?

No answer, dearest !
Only silence, and the sea,
Between here and Italy,
That garden and hill-top.

THE BRIDES

WITHIN this formal garden plot
White flowers may grow alone.
'Tis like a chapel, privet-walled,
Where bees the mass intone.

And through the calm, secluded aisle
By sun or moon lit hours,
They pass, in meek, unconscious grace,
Processions of the flowers.

Like brides, in dress of snowy white,
All virginal and fair,
They come to wed the summer days
Mid incense-laden air.

The childlike crocus of the Spring
Tells here her marriage vows,
And here the pallid hyacinth
Most reverently bows.

Each day proclaims a flower most fair;
For one would wed the rose,
And one the shy anemone
The frailest bud that grows.

And so the candid brides appear
And charm their fleeting while,
Till Autumn sweeps the chapel bare
With empty, wind-blown aisle.

THE WAYFARER

I WILL reach far down in the pit of sorrow
And gather song,
With the bitter past I will deck to-morrow.

I will turn no cowardly look behind me
But still fare on
Till the glow of ultimate joy shall blind me;

For I ask no blessing and no forgiving,
The gain was mine.
Since I learned from all things the truth of
living.

THE PLAYMATE

WHEN I was a little sober child
Sitting quiet, in a sheltered corner,
I heard someone calling;
Then there came a sound of racing footsteps
And a wild sweet face
Looked in upon me.
I saw eyes of wonder,
Lips of magic,
And was frightened in my quiet corner
(Frightened—but enchanted).
“Tell your name to me,” at last I whispered.
“Have you come to be a playmate?”

But she never answered me, nor pleaded,
Only tossed her hair
And smiled and beckoned.
What could I but follow!
So she led me on
To gay adventures,
Laughter and delight and childish madness.

Then there came a time
When playing irked me.
I grew tired and longed for tranquil pleasures.
“Leave me now,” I said,

“ Too long you’ve teased me !”

She never answered.

Then, with doubting question,

I looked deep within her eyes

(Beloved playmate !)

What I saw there made me fall a-weeping ;

Shadowy things I saw—

And pain and sorrow.

“ We must part, before too late !”

I told her.

But she whispered with her lips of magic—

Breath like Spring

Upon my cheek and forehead ;

“ I can never leave you—

Never leave you.”

THE ADORNING

FIRE ! give me of your flame

Of purest heat !

Rose, lend to me your breath

Divinely sweet !

Star, make me fair as thou

In skies above !

So may I venture forth

To meet my Love.

OCTOBER

NOT happiness, nor pain,
But just a moment's rest from care
A brief indifference to loss or gain.

'Tis good, the Summer done,
To cease a while from torturing endeavour
And sit here, passive, in the golden sun;

Just conscious of the sound
Of buzzing wasps, the smell of russet apples,
The dead leaves dropping, silent, to the ground;

The call, melodious, harsh,
Of circling rooks; the soft October sky;
The blue tide rippling in across the marsh.

Assuagement now I find;
Oh, fragrant world of land and sky and sea—
More near to me than man, be now more kind !

LOST GARDENS

LOST to me forever more
The golden broom that blazed along the
shore
And flaunted brave in all the salt June sweetness.

Roses, in their bed of mould,
Where clipped box-hedges bound them once of old,
No more shed velvet leaves from their completeness.

Where mint and rosemary grew,
Sweet-basil, fennel, lavender and rue,
The leaves are trodden low—to ravage bidden.

Immaculate and fair—
The walled white garden blooms no longer there;
Lily and phlox and flag in earth are hidden.

I trod those flowery ways alone;
The first wild joy of Spring was all my own,
Frail cobwebs shone for me in dewy morning;

The still pond was my looking-glass,
Ringed round with iris, moss and meadow-grass,—
To-day whose pale reflection is it scorning?

THE OWLS

THREE little feathery owls flew overhead
As I walked down the frozen garden
path;

One on the chestnut lit, one chose the pine,
And one a twisted pear-tree, bare and brown.

There in the garden it was still as death;
Beyond the wintry meadows glowed the west,
Rose that receded swiftly into grey;
The little owls and I seemed all that lived.

Softly I tiptoed near the chestnut tree,
Two little shining, curious eyes looked out;
And from the pear-tree two, and from the
pine;
I fancied for the moment we were friends.

ON THE RIVER

THE forest is flame on either side.
The misty, far-off mountains,
Like iridescent bubbles,
Seem tossed against the sky.

A myriad tiny, pointed leaves,
All rose and red and amber,
Along the dusky river
Float noiselessly and slow.

Oh, infinite beauty, fade and die !
Of all the Autumn glory
I only shall remember
This argosy of leaves.

SONGS OF THE RAIN AND THE WIND

FROM the sleep of fever
I wake with a start
And a sudden rapture.
Outside, in the night,
(O God ! the grace
These short hours bring to me)
Is my friend, the rain,
Come to sing to me.

Songs of far-off places,
The grass up-springing,
(Dear familiar places !)
The smell of earth-mould,
Salt marshes, drifting sea-fog
And pine-boughs glistening;
Of these the rain sings softly
While I am listening.

So when I lie awake
In the prison of fever
The wind comes to sing to me—
My old companion—

Outside in the night he sings,
His song is for me only,
For all of the world's asleep,
And I, in the dark, am lonely.

Songs of the storm he sings
And snow-flakes drifting,
Wide fields, where once I wandered,
And circling sea-gulls.
He journeys free—the Wind—
What's South or North to him !
He sings till, in weariness,
My soul goes forth to him.

THE WELL OF TRUTH

WHY lean so long above the well,
And strain your eyes within ?
The west is rose, sweet Isabel,
The night will soon begin.

The sun is gold as golden sheaves,
The Autumn sky is pale.
The yellow, yellow Autumn leaves
Skim down upon the gale.

“ I lean so long above the well
Because there lies within
One hated good,” said Isabel;
“ And one delightful sin.”

IN WINTER

SHE died, quite suddenly, at morn.
I, weeping, fled that house of woe
To find without in paths forlorn
Her little footprints in the snow.

THE STAR

THE star danced in the lake,
Uncertain, tremulous,
Deep in the heart of the lake
The star danced.

But far, far in the sky
Serene, unchangeable,
Fixed as the spirit of love
The star shone.

THE FORBIDDEN GARDEN

WITHIN the room for little girls
Long time the little girl abode
And there were many pretty toys
And shining chains and rings and sweets,
And picture books and puzzling games,
And blue-eyed dolls to dress and tend—
There played the other little girls—
The room was full of soft delights.

The little girl was not content
Within the warm and sheltered room,
She dreamed of gardens all the day.
In dreams at night she saw them still;
The wide, far-reaching garden walks
Where never little girl had trod,
The velvet grass, the rosy flowers,
The garden's fragrant secrecy.

One day the door was open wide,
The little girl went out alone—
How long she wandered no one knew.
The other little girls played on.

At last there came an afternoon
When looking up, amidst their games,
They saw a child appear, and knew
Their little playmate had come home.

And now, once more, the little girl
Seems quite content with dolls and sweets.
But, ah ! her secret thoughts by day
Her evil, haunting dreams at night !
For still she sees the garden walks
Where never little girls should tread,
The sliding snakes, the flaunting flowers,
The garden's awful secrecy.

TERESA

AS walking through a country lane,
Teresa leaves a scrap of lace,
Thorn-captured, ever to remain,
Of passing loveliness a trace.

So in each place where she may dwell
A month, a week, or but a day,
She leaves a bit of self, to tell
Its story when she's far away.

THE UNSEEN GARDEN

THE song of the unseen garden;
 Beyond the crumbling wall,
 Comes wistfully all the day time;
 When evening shadows fall
Its murmurous strain, unceasing,
 Sounds still in palms and pines,
And the wind of the Lombard Summer
 Stirs soft among the vines.

The breath of the unseen garden
 Is more than thyme, or box,
Than jasmine, or orange blossom,
 Or the clustered purple phlox;
More than the scent of lilies,
 Or the rose the moon has kissed;—
'Tis the dream that evades remembrance,
 The joy forever missed.

SNOW IN MAY

I HAVE vanquished the law of the hours
And broken the bars of Spring:
White I came to the whiter flowers,
And a word from the clouds I bring.

To die on a hyacinth's breast,
And quench my longing there ;
Untimely storm has heard my behest,
I have conquered the paths of air.

Softer than wing of the moth,
Lighter than kiss of the bee,
I touch her petals in lover's troth,
And perish in ecstasy.

THE POET

DISTRAUGHT, half - puzzled by the
doors that close
Abruptly in his face,
Bewildered where the tide of traffic flows;
Like one of other race:

Unmindful of the hours or of the day,
Or those who mock afar,
He dreams forever of the rose in May
He sees the evening star !

IN THE WILDERNESS

ONE windless morning, up where the Lake
is lonely
I paddled slowly, looking for waterlilies.
When I saw them, deep in the cool blue water
I thrust my hand, the silvery stems uprooting.
Mine at last ! and a sun-flushed face I buried
Deep in fragrance, waxen and snowy-petalled.
Golden-hearted, lilies for Sultan's ladies—
Drugging my senses to a deep oblivion !

At noon, among the ferns and the bracken sitting,
Where the forest lane is warm in September
sunshine,
Near the path where moccasin flowers are
growing,
Where fire-weed burns, and blackberry vines
cling, strangling,
Round the straight and slender trunks of the
saplings,
There came, unbidden, stealing away my spirit,
A sense of life ; it seemed its evasive secret
Was mine an instant there in the flashing sun-
shine.

Between the tall, black branches of forest pine-
trees

I saw, at night, the stars in their calm celestial ;
Too cold they seemed, too pure to be apprehended,

Too fair they shone there—caught in the pine-
tree branches.

With beating heart I went to the fire-lit cabin,
I could not look unmoved upon those shining
Midnight stars, for clear in their changeless
glory,

I read of love—its need of infinite heavens.

LAND

BACK to my mother, the Earth,
From that stranger, the Sea;
Deep in the hills to have birth,
In the fields to be free;
Free from the fretting of wave,
From the hissing of foam,
And fears of a fathomless grave;
I am home, I am home !

Peace of the islands once more,
With the scent of the sod,
Dwellings of men on the shore,
And the forests of God.
Safe from the dead of the deep,
From its drunken embrace,
Earth, in your arms I may sleep !
I am back in my place.

CECILIA

I HEADED not the bursting of the buds,
Nor yet returning swallows on the wing,
Nor yet the longer afternoons—but then
Cecilia passed; and then I knew 'twas Spring.

THE MIRROR

I LOOKED in my eyes
And there saw, hovering,
The frightened ghost of childhood—
“Woman, Stranger,” it whispered;
“Remember me, among the dandelions,
So eager, soft and dutiful,
So full of dreams—
What of you, sweet, tall one ?”
I was silent.
I could not speak to the little innocent ghost.

THE ORCHARD

THE orchard grows beside the Sound.
In Spring I see its flowering trees
Against the waters, wide and blue,
That ripple in the April breeze.

And when in Autumn, gold and red,
The apples hang on every side
Their fragrance mingles with the fresh
Delicious saltness of the tide.

DISTANT GARDENS

THOUGH tossed on foreign seas
At stormy gloaming,
Beneath New England trees
My thoughts are roaming.

Below an azure sky
A park lies dreaming,
And there my gardens lie,
With Summer gleaming.

The garden warm with noon
And sweet with roses;
A red rose falls, and soon
A white uncloses.

The garden, walled and old,
Where white flowers only
Drink deep the moonlight cold
On midnights lonely.

The garden near the coast
Where broom is golden,
And sunflowers flaunt and boast,
To suns beholden.

I fear no sea-worn hours
When dreams can capture
From distant ways of flowers
An earth-born rapture.

THE DOLL

IN taffeta and silver lace
The doll (that was myself) I dressed,
I pinned a rose upon her breast
And left her in a gilded chair.

A tried, mechanic toy; I knew
Of old, that she could do and say
All shallow things in shallow way:
Then I fled swiftly from her ken.

Pale magic of December cold
Bound all the wood; and overhead
A net of star-filled skies was spread
About the pathway of the wind.

Moon-shadows lay where, white and pure,
The snow on rounded hill-top gleamed;
And all that winter beauty seemed
To breathe an ardent breath of June.

When I rejoined that smiling doll !
One whispered, discontented word
Within her ear was all I heard;
“How silent you have been to-night !”

NOVEMBER FLOWERS

A RED rose hung on its stem
In my dying garden.
“Why are you here in November,
O Rose ?” I said.
All around was silence and brown leaves moulder-
ing,
Burned box hedges and naked branches.
But the one rose glowed in beauty
And seemed to whisper :
“To bring you thoughts of June.”

I found a honeysuckle
On a high wall blowing.
“Why are you here in November,
Honeysuckle ?” I said.
Fragrance reached me, heavy as incense smoulder-
ing,
The curled leaf-tendrils in joyance quivered,
And again, as if enchanted,
I heard the whisper :
“To bring you thoughts of June.”

THE CAPTIVE BUTTERFLY

IF I lie quite still in their net
 Good fortune may befall—
 They may think it was only a moth they
 caught—
 No butterfly at all !

But if once they learn of the blue
 And purple of my wings,
And their flash, when the rays of the noonday sun
Light all their golden rings;

If once they know me the love
 Of the rose that sheltered me,
And the playmate of all the garden flowers,—
 They will never set me free.

A PRAYER FOR ESTHER

AS linden trees within this Summer garden
Where all's in fair accord,
Baptized with sun and dew, with bird
songs joyous,
So let her live, oh Lord !

And as a river holds the changing glories
Of sunset, night and morn,
Enriched with flights of dragon-fly and swallow
So Lord, her heart adorn !

Preserve her mind a harp to all emotion,
Itself, perhaps, as nought,
But finely tuned, and instant in vibration
To every holy thought.

So may she live, at one with earth's bestowing
In every joyous breath;
And pass, triumphantly, the cloudy barrier
That severs life from death.

UNITY

I AM one with the blade of grass and the
giant tree,
The birds and the flowers and roots are a
part of me.

In vain within this, myself, have I sought my
soul.

It is absent, yet here, mere point in a mighty
whole.

The beasts, in their strange and sluggishly worn
disguise

Pass by—and I see my soul is within their
eyes.

For the wisest of men is twin to the earthy
clod,

All Life is but one; the unity—Thou—O God !

LAURA AND I IN A MEADOW

LAURA, look at the shining grasses
Here where the south winds blow !
Thronging the meadow, frail but insistent,
Staining it purple and rose.

Still the midsummer all around us,
Misty the air—and sweet,
Waves of wind flow over the grasses
Seeming to break at your feet.

Star-like daisies and flax are smothered
All in this jungle of grass;
A net of wiry stems would entangle
Your feet, if you ventured to pass.

But above the bees and butterflies hover
Lightly on grasses and flowers—
If we knew only this summer meadow
What knowledge and joy would be ours !

A SPANISH GIRL'S LOVE SONG

WHAT is warm in my veins like the sun in
September;
What swings me remote as the rose
cloud above;
What is yours to forget that is mine to remember?
It is love, Rafael, it is love !

MYRA

HER soul is a garden;
In formal beds its fairest roses blow.
Some vanished hand has made geraniums
grow,
And scentless orchids.

Once pruned and tended,
And trained in stiffly-charming, old-time bowers,
They riot now—the frail and careless flowers
That bud and perish.

At night, in the silence,
Perhaps a nightingale his heart may sing,
Or furry bat, on webbed, fantastic wing,
Wheel near the lilies.

Walled is the garden,
And he who seeks to enter comes too late,
For chained and bolted stands the iron gate,
With ivy strangled.

THE LAST HOUR

WITH rocking trees and slanting sun the
very last hour dies
On golden marsh and sea profoundly
blue, in rose-hued skies.

My heart is restless, like the sea, and stormy, like
the wind.

Will love go with us, Barbara, or leave we love
behind ?

Oh, hour that stings with cold ! Oh, hour that
woos with golden glow,
That blinds with jewelled splendour of wave and
cloud and snow !

Oh, hour supreme !—when once your bright
December sun has set,

Will love be ours to hold, Beloved, or only to
forget ?

CONFESSION

MY joys I seek by lonely seas,
My friends among the ferns,
The wind absorbs my coqueties,
The rose my love returns.

The heaven of my hopes will be
(If God such fate decrees)
To give my life to roots and seeds
And live again in trees.

But if the burden of my Self
I must forever bear,
Oh, let it be by hidden streams
In heavenly meadows fair;

In fields which neither cherubim
Nor saints nor angels know;
Where daisies star the undying grass,
And changeless poppies blow !

PART II
SONGS IN CITIES

THE HOUSE

SMALL the house, too small for an adventurer !
(In it I was born, and here must die)
From it I but see the habitations
Of my neighbours, roofs beneath a sky !

If I lean without, at window hazarding,
Curious unfriendly glances shine;
(Such a paltry place I am inhabiting.
Such pretence of keeping house is mine !)

Prisoned so, a householder unworthy,
Discontented, still I keep the trust
Left to me by older generations:—
Mine this house until it falls in dust.

Dreams have come to me of space unlimited,
Trackless meadows where the flowers shine fair,
Day and night I long to be a wanderer
Free to breathe the taintless outer air.

THE PORTRAIT

A HUNDRED years ago I faintly smiled
Upon a world I sought, yet half dis-
dained,
Upon the loves I prompted, but beguiled,
(Too wise to yield, too proud to walk enchained)

I wrapped myself in artful mysteries
Lest any dare interrogate my soul
With bold too-searching gaze; I wandered free,
Giving but half where others give the whole.

But art divined my secret; with its skill
It made my painted prison—here I stand,
For every rake forever more to gloat,
For every imbecile to understand!

THE GENET

JUNGLE sights and sounds and smells near
the London street !

There I walked as in a dream, wearied with
the heat.

Scores of fierce, indifferent eyes watched, in
helpless rage,

For a liberator's foot and an opened cage.

Then I saw a drooping head, pensive but alert,
And a smooth and spotted shape, sinuous, inert,
Meek white marks beneath her eyes, pricked and
pointed ear.

(This was no mere stranger cat !) And I seemed
to hear,

In some way I once had learned in an age forgot,
With some sense untrained, disused, till I knew
it not,

Swift inquiry sent to me from a savage heart :

" Sister, how did you and I grow so far apart ?"

THE TWO OLD GRANDFATHERS

MY two old grandfathers sat before New
England houses
And looked over the fields of grain and
wheat;
The apple-orchards, the pastures, the woods and
copses,
The swamp land where cattle-prints showed in a
black ooze,
The stony hillside where sheep nibbled,
And my two old grandfathers thought their
silent thoughts.

One, gentle, humble, patient, meditated
On the love of God for men, his children;
On the peace of a certain eternity,
The death of self, the brotherhood of man;
On pain as a teacher, and the beauty of holiness
And meek submission to unquestioned creeds.

The other, keen, scoffing, courageous,
Dared to defy the minds of those around him,
Protested, not by words but independent deeds
Against the blind intolerance of fools,

Read his Voltaire to sound of Sunday church-
bells,
Smiled to himself, sitting alone, unasked for,
At the disfavour of men—its weight and value.

Here am I—my hands full of the spoils of cities—
My brain puzzled by creeds and theories,
Groping, bewildered, for truth and justice.
I try to free myself, to rise above conditions,
To think my own thoughts, careless and un-
trammelled—

But the thoughts of those two old grandfathers
(Sitting alone before New England houses),
Sway, alternately, my inner vision.
I am held and hampered by conflicting forces.

NIGHT, AND THE CURTAINS DRAWN

NIGHT, and the curtains drawn,
The household still,
Fate, with appointed strength,
Has worked its will.

Close to the dying blaze
We sit alone;
Nought but the old days lost,
All else—our own.

Far in the corners dim
The shadows start;
Near to your strength I cling,
And near your heart.

Dearest—the whole world ends—
Ends well—in this;
Night, and the firelit dark,
Your touch, your kiss.

MIDNIGHT

I LIE awake and watch the misty snow
Blown wide in dazzling whirls
Through which the street-lights shine; the
windows glow
Like great rose-tinted pearls.

The Northern wind is now abroad; and roars,
In slow and measured sweep,
Like surf that beats, tumultuous, on the shores.
To-night I cannot sleep,

For hark ! intangible, and unafraid,
The Future faintly calls
Like overtones from carven bells of jade
Enshrined in silent halls.

BEYOND KNOWLEDGE

BELOVED, once your pale and flower-like
face
Smiled suddenly in London's crowded
space,

A pleading vision, dreams within your eyes,
And love upon your lips, in half-disguise.

You, whom I loved despite of all your fears,
Within whose grave lie lost my golden years,

Could I but know that all with you is peace,
Perhaps this agony of loss would cease.

Oh sweet ! Oh, wistful, long-remembered, lost,
What dread frontier those timid feet have
crossed !

In some far heaven, is your smile less sad ?
And has your little shrinking soul grown glad ?

HESTER

THE richest joy of all her life had missed,
The deepest griefs had ever passed her
by,
Her feeble search for good found little spoil,
The hands which wrought no evil quiet lie.

Exceeding beauty never crowned her here,
Not love, but only dreams, within her eyes,
How great seems now the worth of all you missed?
Poor Heart ! so childish once, and now so wise ?

Not tender, quite, in all her brief gray life,
And yet with passing moods sometimes so sweet.
Oh, friend, for whom fulfilment never came
In life, was death decisive and complete ?

LOVE

LITTLE darling, I love you so,
I watch, at every cruel word's surprise,
The mist steal slowly to your scornful
eyes,
The hot red colour sweep across your cheek,
I see you tremble, grow more worn and weak—

Little darling, I love you so !
What joy to know I have within my will
Such force to hurt, such potency to kill
You, frail and small, unloving, still I hold
Mine, mine, to torture till your years are told.

A MAN SPEAKS

OUR little, rose-soft sisters,—
 With laughing lips and tender eyes,
 Our sisters—made of dew and flame,
 Of sunlight, snow, and starlit skies,
Drift on—for evermore the same.

Our little foolish sisters,—
 Created fair, that love be born,
And then to pain and torment hurled;
 To first allure, and then, forlorn
And puzzled, face an iron world.

Our little broken sisters,—
 Too frail to meet their evil chance,
Who made them fair enough for love
 But all too weak for circumstance?—
The cry from earth to God above!

A LIFETIME

A MONTH ago began my life,
And yesterday I died—
I know what life can hide
Of bliss, of agony, of strife.

A month ago I heard them tell
Your name, till then unknown,
And now the month has flown:—
Last night we said farewell.

THE CANARY

MY little yellow bird within his Chinese
cage,
That's carved with Mandarin's and twi-
ning bloom,
Pecks, greedy and alert, a fresh green lettuce-leaf;
Then, spying me, as I come in the room,
He cocks a shining head and, hopping on his
swing,
He greets me with a shrill and friendly tune.
The morning sunshine slants through latticed
window blinds;
So, for us both, begins a day in June !

OLD AGE

I HAVE finished the rose days of love
And the white days of youth—
I have come, by the road of Desire,
To the gray land of Truth.

And the laughter and anguish are one,
In the shadow of sleep,
I murmur of love—"Did I blush?"
And of pain—"Did I weep?"

THE ARTIST

ONE word—the finished line;
One sound—a perfect chord;
One touch—the tints combine.

Alas ! a futile quest,
The work imperfect still,
The end ill-gotten rest.

O Art—forever veiled !
O Truth !—forever dim !—
And feeble hand—that failed.

THE INSTRUMENT

MY body in the dim, refracting lens
Through which alone can knowledge
come to me,
With these poor eyes alone my mind can see,
Through this weak frame alone it comprehends.

Were I but furnished with an instrument
Which perfectly transmitted shape and sound,
I might go far beyond our present bound,
See Truth indeed, and learn what Beauty meant.

IN SPAIN

IN Spain the air grows languorous
The suns more hotly burn
And swallows wheel and turn
Above the worn cathedral walls.

Along the burning roads of Spain
No traveller makes haste,
Red *faja* round his waist—
A drowsy muleteer may pass.

At night, within the city's gates
The shops are like a fair,
Strange odours fill the air
Of saffron, anisette, and musk.

Then, noisily, a shuffling crowd
Strolls up and down the street.
Bold eyes with bolder meet—
To hide again behind a painted fan.

In Spain, when pallid morning comes
The bells swing wide for mass,
And black-veiled women pass
Stealthy and swift along the cobblestones.

So long away ! yet one forgets
The intervening years;
For you these secret tears
Oh land of prayers, devotion and disdain.

INSPIRATION

WAS there no single word you wished to
say,
O unforgotten dead,
Ere yet you paused, and fled ?
Some word unspoken on that final day,
Forever, now, unsaid ?

I sit alone on this September night,
With useless, idle pen,
O—wise beyond our ken !
For you I wait, O soul, that took your flight
Beyond the world of men !

My mind is yours, your purpose to fulfil,
And yours this mortal hand;
I wait and understand—
All my endeavour meets your spirit will,
I write what you command.

LOVERS

ONE waited, Age, the lover,
Till Alice could be won.
His hour would time discover,
The hour when youth was done;
O fragrant, warm and tender,
Rose lips and hair of gold,
To Age must all surrender,
And Age will clasp and hold.

But waited lover stronger,
And over-bold and free.
“My love shall guard you longer
Than all eternity !”
He spoke to Alice slowly,
He kissed away her breath,
She turned from Age, unholy,
And fled away with Death.

TWILIGHT

THE Avenue is heaped with drifts
Of fallen snow,
In driven icy mist the flakes
Of crystal blow;
And lines of muffled passers-by,
Like mourners black,
Move silent, stiff with cold, along
A shovelled track,

Within, the air breathes roses, long
In spices laid;
The firelight shines on lacquered wood
And old brocade.

I see my image in the glass
So still, so lone,
It might be painted on a screen,
Or carved in stone.

Life, let me leave this scented room
And wander free !
And know one hour of cold and dark
And liberty !

THE NEW PARRAKEET

HIS little neck is ringed with rose,
His narrow tail is blue of dye,
He clammers upside down, and spreads
The clipped green wings that cannot fly.

Then, motionless upon his perch,
He stares with round, unmeaning eye,
Uneasily I meet his gaze,
His soul to mine makes no reply.

In what bright tropic was his birth ?
What silent forest choked with green,
What giant flowers, what sliding snakes,
Have those round eyes unheeding seen ?

What tossing oceans did he cross
To take up residence with me ?
To live his lifetime near my side,
An alien and a mystery !

THE CAT

LIKE caryatid, still as stone,
And black as ebony, the cat
(Her tail around her toes curled flat)
Sits upright on a cushioned throne.

Benign and innocently wise
She looks; no thrills her whiskers stir,
As glossy as a leaf her fur,
As pale as moons her yellow eyes.

But I have seen her leave the house
All evilly, at early dawn,
To consummate, upon the lawn,
The murder of a young field-mouse.

And when we sleep in chamber bounds
I know she pads from floor to floor,
And hears the landing clock strike four
While still on her uncanny rounds.

THE NURSE

SOMETIMES, when after endless days of
pain,
Our cries have grown too faint to reach to
God,

When the great solitudes of heaven's peace
Re-echo back to us our shrill despair,
Then comes the tolerant and aged World,
And lifts us up upon her ample knees,
Murmurs within our ears her foolish tales,
And fills our hands with bright futilities.

We know her false and trivial and vain,
Absorbed in senile schemes and crude display;
Yet, for a time, her presence eases care;
A fond old nurse she seems, exacting nought
But pretty ways, and mock obedience;

She knows no ills her favour may not cure,
So, looking up within that mellow face,
We force a smile and find forgetfulness.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

IF I knew 'twas the very day,
Oh, friend, so far away,
What thing could I find to say ?

If I knew, that, in one more night,
The world would pass from sight,
What word should I dare to write ?

Yes, though the hour had come,
My lips would still be dumb;—
I should die as I lived, in sum.

I should pass from my place below,
The years would come and go,
Dear friend, you would never know !

THE CLOSED ACCOUNT

GOD, I deliver up the arms
You furnished me at the start
With which to conquer a mighty world.
Here is the cowardly heart;

Here is the feeble, woman mind,
And the body, frail and small;
Here are the senses, subtly keen
(I render account of all).

Here is the pride that bade me fight,
And the pride which wrought me woe;
Now I have given count of all;—
Into my grave I go.

TO FIRE

O FIRE, thou free one !
Thou god unspoiled !
Attaining swiftly
Where man has toiled,
Thy formless glory
No mind may see,
Nor brooding fathom
Thy mystery.

Destroyer, Father,
Creator, King,
Thy raging beauty
A living thing,
In desolation,
Bright wings unfurled,
Thy barren pathway
Lies round the world.

All foul corruptions
Thou makest clean;
In flame they vanish
To space unseen;

The shames of nature,
The taints of earth,
By thee transfigured
Know airy birth.

O force supernal !
O rose of heat !
Incarnate beauty,
Unrest complete !
Remote from knowledge,
Defying sense,
Ah—whither speedest ?
And comest—whence ?

More strange than jewels,
More fierce than hate,
Consummate wonder,
Thy flames create.
O perfect passion !
O great desire !
Receive my homage,
Resistless Fire !

AUDREY

AND so, at last, the veil drops off our faces,
The love you found too passionless and
slight
May lead you down to life's remotest spaces,
May light you on till death's unbroken night.

At this dim gate the love that you were scorning
Stands, fragile still, but tender—if you knew!—
You who must pass beyond all love's adorning,
Beyond all strong and weak, all false and true.

Farewell ! impatient lover, done with living,
Receive my helpless tears where low you lie,
Rest now the pardoned as, at last, forgiving.
This is the very end of love—goodbye.

THE OLD AGE OF GERALDINE

NOW days of love are over,
Now dreaming days are done,
Here waits no other lover
But Death, the Silent one;
Now beauty's overtaken
And age usurps the days,
Here love leaves life forsaken,
Here's parting of the ways.

From out my glass, in sadness,
A ghost looks now at me,
Its smile is rout and madness,
Its eyes fatuity.
It views me still, undaunted,
Where fairer shade I've seen;—
A face that love once haunted,
The face of Geraldine.

THE STRANGER IN THE CITY

SOMETIMES among the weary timid faces
I've learned as those of friends,
The faces marked by cities for their uses,
Their indeterminate ends,
I see an elf-like smile and eyes of wonder,
And know, with sudden start,
A wanderer alien here, a joyous stranger
From some bright land apart.

Return ! return ! Belovèd strayed from rapture,
For hark ! from far away
Come sounds like wind-stirred leaves, like falling
water,
Like birds at break of day.
They call you back—where none are sad, or
strangers,
And where no world-wrought bars,
With screening pale of precepts interwoven,
Obscure the dancing stars.

THE STATUE

WHEN last I drew the curtain
The clock was striking ten,
And groups of girls and men
With voices shrill, uncertain,
Went shuffling down the street.
Before the café doors—
A world the day ignores
Found night and laughter sweet.

There sounded harsh and loud,
The horns of passing cars;
Before the closed bazaars
A juggler charmed a crowd.
The dewy air, that woke
A cool and leafy scent,
With human taints was blent,
With trails of wine and smoke.

And what with all that scene,
Tumultuous and strange,
My fancy could not range
To seek what once had been—

The past too vague had grown,
The hour alone was good,
On high the statue stood
Forgotten and alone.

But when the night was old
And sleepless still I lay,
I rose and drew away
The curtain—and behold !
There fell a sheet of rain
Upon the sleeping earth;
Wiped out was all the mirth,
And silence ruled again.

And through the silver haze
The lights, a glory, shone
Around the hero gone,
The dead of other days.
Serene it triumphed there,
The city's very own,
In immemorial stone,
The statue in the square.

NEW YORK

IRON and steel, immense, uncouth, resistless,
Here is the Town !
Labour and traffic rule it, wealth and
commerce
Weave its renown.

Mighty in power, deformed, unlovely, sordid,
Soulless it seems;
Come, O ye poets, artists, seers of visions,
Deck it with dreams.

Crown it with rainbow images of wonder,
Magic of art,
Fruit of your brains and flower of all your fancy,
Spoils of your heart.

Fling o'er its towers fantastic clouds of legend
And wild desires;
Let it stand in the dawn and sunset, vast, trium-
phant,
Mid opal fires.

Till it glows in the thoughts of men, a thing of
wonder,
Queen of its own,
Girt with its shining rivers—splendid, swordlike,
Venice outgrown !

THE MANDOLIN

HER soul was like a mandolin, inlaid
With pearl and tortoise-shell and
ivory;
On that slight instrument I sometimes made,
In idleness, a tinkling melody.

And often passers through the jostling throng
Would stop to hear the ineffectual tune,—
Half-sweet and half-perverse,—like insects' song
That sounds the hot and drowsy spell of June.

But now, with strings unstrung, the mandolin
Lies half-forgotten: will there come a day
When other fingers, placed where mine have been,
Another worthless melody will play ?

AMBITION

I TOOK my little Love from her place so
still and warm,
And dragged her forth with me, just to keep
her safe from harm.

The woods were dense and black, and the way
was rough and long,
It mattered not a whit, for my little Love was
strong.

Just once, amid the dark, and the storm that
followed after,
I heard a childish plea for rest and love and
laughter.

“We may not stop our course!” I exclaimed, in
eager pride;
“What matters weariness and pain when we are
side by side!”

So dim it was and wild, with the rising wind and
gale,
I never knew at all that my Love was worn and
pale.

I never felt her droop, till she slipped from out
my hold,
I never knew she fell—till I saw her still and cold.

And now I journey on, amid winter's snow and
sleet,
No little clinging hand to check, no little lagging
feet.

IRIS

NEVER a woman—you say !
Never a wife—
Only the rose of a day,
A dream in a life,

Loved, and unconquered by love,
Remote, in your arms,
Eyes for some vision above,
Deaf to alarms.

Love me or not, as you will !
Prison me fast,
Mine is the victory still,
Freedom at last.

Love, with its tremulous fire,
Burns in my heart,
Still from a lover's desire
I tarry apart.

Beauty the star of my sky,
Visions my own,
Touched by all joys as they fly,
Still I'm alone.

Love is the loser, it seems,
If to earth it belongs.
I am a daughter of dreams.
A mother of songs.

HARVEST OF DREAMS

ARRAYED, as if for sepulchre,
In shroud of woven mist,
Within the narrow gate of night,
A shape of dreams I kissed.

A love, born only of my dreams,
And yet how rich am I !
I know the moon of joy that hangs
In sleep's embracing sky.

In cloudy, arrassed Courts, to hope
And memory unknown,
To pilgrims inaccessible,
My heart received its own.

One instant's space (or was it years ?)
The ties of earth were vain;
One pulse-beat (or perhaps a life !)
And then I woke again.

CELIA

HER fate to her was all surprise,
She faced her tragic destiny
With puzzled and pathetic eyes,—
A butterfly blown out to sea.

THE STAR SAPPHIRE

I DREAM of twilight, closing softly down
With veil on veil of cool, delicious dye;
From rose to blue, from blue to violet,
Then Venus—pale within the purple sky.

A PRAYER

INFINITE Wisdom, Sanity and Holiness,
Answering all who come to Thee in lowli-
ness,
Giver exhaustless to those who, selfless, plead,
Give to my need !

Give me a knowledge born of sense and precision,
Knowledge of truth and justice, power of decision ;
Let me, in meekness, bid old faiths decline
If new faiths shine.

Strength of the body, mind, and spirit give to me,
Let all Thy joy and beauty live to me,
Let me not fear to laugh, and to rejoice
With singing voice.

And, when Thy will through stranger ways is
leading me,
Humbly I kneel for one thing only pleading Thee,
Courage to face, unflinching, each new day,
Courage—I pray.

PRINTED BY
BILLING AND SONS, LTD.,
GUILDFORD, ENGLAND

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY,
BERKELEY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of
50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing
to \$1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in
demand may be renewed if application is made before
expiration of loan period.

JAN. 2 1924

JUL 12 1929

FEB 25 1969 X

RECEIVED

FEB 14 '69-9 AM

LOAN DEPT.

YB 31245

640754

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

